

Special Sale

FIGURED LAWN.

These are goods from which we have made wrappers, and now we are to close the lot. 29 inch and 30 inch.

ONLY 5c YARD.

SUMMER CORSETS

Are in great demand, and the kind we are selling for

: 50 CENTS :

is simply wonderful for the price.

THOMAS + SMILE Y
NORWAY, MAINE.

In Our

Carpet Rooms

YOU CAN FIND ALL THE CARPET SUNDRIES.

Rubber Mats, 1 38
Wire Mats, 1 00
Brush Mats, 50c to 1 25
Oilcloth Mats, 50c to 1 25
Smyrna Rugs, 50c to 4 25
Brussels Remnants, 1 yd, 25
Velvet Remnants, 1 1/2 yds., 90
All Wool Remnants, 1 yd, 25
Fragrances to match.
Hassocks, 43
Bissell's Carpet Sweeper, \$2 50
Art Squares, 5 00 to 7 50
Oil Stair Carpet.
Padded Carpet Lining.
Corrugated Carpet Lining.
Brass Binding for Oilcloth and matting.

N. DAYTON
BOLSTER & CO.
SO. PARIS, MAINE.

Could's Academy, Bethel, Me.

SIXTY-THIRD YEAR OPENS
TUESDAY, AUG. 30, 1898

BOARD OF INSTRUCTORS.
FRANK E. HANSCOM, Principal,
Latin, Geometry, Psychology, Civics.
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Greek, Modern Languages, Algebra.
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STUDENTS FITTED
FOR COLLEGE,
FOR TEACHING, OR
FOR BUSINESS LIFE.

GOOD BOARD
in private families at \$2.75 to \$3.00 per week, or proportionately less, if students go home Friday night. Rooms for self-boarding at reasonable rates. For further particulars, or to engage board or rooms, address the principal.

FRANK E. HANSCOM, PRINCIPAL.

FLAGS
ALL
SIZES
and Prices
AT
L. C. HALL'S

ALMOND MEAL
A MOST DELICIOUS ADDITION TO THE TOILET.

It is Both Cleansing and Beautifying. Exquisitely Perfumed.

For sale at
HALL'S DRUG STORE.

NOTICE.
The subscriber hereby gives notice that she has been duly appointed administratrix of the estate of

ALICE J. FARWELL, late of Bethel, to the County of Oxford, deceased, and given bonds as the law directs. All persons having demands against the estate of said deceased are directed to present the same for settlement, and all indebted thereon are requested to make payment immediately.

ALICE J. FARWELL.
June 21st, 1898.

FLY 30 YARDS!
Send 2c in stamps for catalogue and rules. Packed in box, miniature FLYING MACHINE. An Aerial Toy, guaranteed to fly. Any child can work it. M. & M. NOVATY, CO., 20 Baxter Building, Portland, Me.

LOCAL NEWS
—The Latest, too.
Lots of it—in every issue of the News. Send a copy to your friends—3 months, 5c, 6 months, 10c, 1 year, \$1.25.

The Bethel News.

AN INDEPENDENT FAMILY NEWSPAPER, DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF BETHEL AND SURROUNDING TOWNS.

\$1.25 Per Year, in advance.

BETHEL, MAINE, WEDNESDAY, JULY 27, 1898.

Vol. IV. No. 9.

Town Topics.

WHAT OUR PEOPLE ARE DOING. ITEMS OF INTEREST PICKED UP ABOUT TOWN.

"A City That is Set on a Hill Cannot Be Hid."

C. M. Wormell was in Portland, Friday.

Miss Edith Grover spent Sunday in Lewiston.

Miss Vera Merrill is working at the News office.

M. R. Chandler of Portland, was in town, Thursday.

Miss Ethel Richardson is visiting friends in Abington, Mass.

Holman F. Day of the Lewiston Journal, was in town, Wednesday.

The Ladies' Club will meet Thursday afternoon with Mrs. H. H. Bean.

The Bethel praying band held a meeting last Sunday evening at Locke's Mills.

You will not know how much good Hood's Sarsaparilla will do you until you try it.

Farm Produce taken in exchange for groceries at Deering's, under Public Library, Bethel.

Miss Hattie Foster has been spending a few days in Newry with her cousin, Mrs. Baker.

Rev. and Mrs. F. E. Barton are rejoicing over the advent of a nice baby boy, Frank Eugene, Jr.

The ladies of the M. E. church will have ice cream for sale, Thursday evening on the church lawn.

Misses Sadie Woodbury and Helen Card of Portland, are spending several weeks at E. A. Capen's.

Dr. F. B. Tuell attended the State dental convention held at Portland, Tuesday and Wednesday of last week.

Rev. Isabella MacDuff of Berlin, will occupy the pulpit at the Universalist church next Sunday, July 31st.

The Literary Society will hold their meeting, Thursday afternoon at 2:30 o'clock with Mrs. W. D. Hastings.

Mrs. Newton Richardson and son took a carriage drive to Norway to spend a few days with Mrs. Richardson's parents.

Mrs. Everett Hammons of Anoka, Minn., who has been spending a couple of weeks at her old home in Newry, is now visiting her brother, Clifton Foster.

Sea bathing is quite a fad now. Those intending to take the Keeley treatment in Portland this summer can enjoy the sea baths without cost. Go now if you want that delightful luxury.

We hear considerable talk relative to the building of a finishing building for the chair factory, but nothing definite has been arranged yet. It is sincerely hoped that this will be done in the near future as it doubtless will, for Bethel cannot afford to lose this industry.

The Ladies' Club gave a very pleasant lawn party at Mrs. A. E. Herick's last Thursday afternoon. A nice supper was served on the lawn after which an hour of real sociality quickly passed. The gentlemen, for they were invited upon this occasion, have good reasons to feel indebted to the ladies for the enjoyment of so pleasant an evening and will doubtless accept all future invitations with promptness and pleasure.

Letter to Mr. Chas. Ryerson, Bethel, Maine.

Dear Sir: The great advantage in buying the product of the oldest and largest paint firm in America is this: You get the very best Paint it's possible to make and at the lowest price, quality considered. "Oldest in America" guarantees the quality; "Largest in America" guarantees honest prices. Our reputation of 144 years has been based on the purity of our goods.

Our Pure Lead and Zinc Paint is sold subject to chemical analysis. Have it analyzed. The chemist will report that it contains only Lead, Zinc, Linseed Oil and Tinting Colors.

We were established in 1754 and our large paint factories are the result of our reputation for honest goods at honest prices. It goes without saying that a pure Paint can be made, and we make it.

Yours truly,
F. W. Devoe & Co.

Come in and Read the News.

We desire to say to those who are visiting our fair town that a file of Portland and Lewiston, daily papers is kept at the News office, and all who wish are cordially invited to come and read them.

CHICKAMAUGA LETTER.

The following is an extract from a letter received by one of the Bethel boys from a friend at Chickamauga.

Camp Thomas, July 14th, 1898.

Dear friend,
Doubtless you have heard of the death of our beloved Captain Bartlett long before this. We all felt awfully about it. He was one of the kindest of officers and a well-drilled soldier. I helped take care of him during his illness, and was with him at his death. He was delirious for several hours before his death.

I was taken sick the next day and was quite sick for over a week. Could not eat or sleep; I lost about fifteen pounds in a week; I am getting strong again, and shall feel a great deal better than I did before my illness. All have to have one good turn of sickness before they feel at all well down here.

They have changed the drill hours now, so as to avoid the heat in the middle of the day, drilling from 6 to 8 a. m. and 5.30 to 7 p. m.; the rest of the day the boys are free to do what they like, except a few on special duty and the guards.

We have just been paid off, that is, a week ago. We got two months pay at \$15.60 a month. Some of the boys are "strapped."

I am going up Lookout mountain to-morrow to see the sights. Hope it will be fair. You know the "bottle above the clouds" was fought there. All the boys that have been up say one cannot afford to miss it.

We have six large round Sibley tents to a company and the Captain and Lieutenants have two wall tents. They are all right for a common rain but when the water comes down by tubs it gets rather moist inside them. We have no floors but the earth and it is very dirty after a shower, but such is a soldier's life. We have to dig deep ditches all around the tents to carry away water. I never saw it rain so hard up in Maine as it does here nearly every shower.

There is some sickness in camp but not as much as the people at home seem to think. One of our corporals, Nathan Chase, a fine fellow, has the typhoid fever, but he is getting better and I think that the danger line is passed. The latest rumor about camp is that we are to go to Gettysburg to camp. I do not believe it but hope it is so. It seems that the war cannot last much longer tho' we do not expect to see home until long after peace is declared. I can't see what the Spanish hope to gain by prolonging it any more.

E. M. S.
Co. D. 1st Me. Vols.

Outing at Songo.

A greater pleasure could hardly have been devised for children than that so generously afforded them by the delightful party given last Wednesday afternoon, by Maj. and Mrs. G. A. Hastings in honor of their young guests, Miss Flossie Hastings of Auburn, Me., and Master Warren Hastings of Lancaster, N. H.

Everybody knows what hospitality at such hands means, and so everybody knew that the group of happy children who at 2 o'clock were driven off in a hay rack, gayly decorated with the national colors in a way that one little maiden declared was "more than patriotic," were going to have "the very best time in all their lives," which judging from the almost breathless enthusiasm with which they narrated their experiences upon their return, they certainly did. For they were taken to spend the afternoon at that new cottage on Songo, and, greatest conceivable happiness to Bethel children, they were rowed out upon those enchanted waters as often as they wished to go, by Mr. Tom Hastings, who cheerfully surrendered himself to the desires of his young guests. The boys were allowed to swim, the girls to wade, a milder but no less ecstatic delight. There were fruits and lemonade galore. There were firecrackers, still for Santiago, for the young American of to-day is nothing if not patriotic. There was a delicious supper served in the cottage. There was everything for their pleasure that the talent of the devoted hosts and hostesses could command. And the charming drive home in the twilight crowned the happiness of a day, which will always be in the memory of these appreciative little guests, one of the very best and brightest of their lives.

Have you sampled Deering's tea and coffee? If not, you should do so at once, and you will use no other.

To-Day.

Be swift to scatter sweet flowers.
On to soothe another's pain—
We travel this way once forever,
This day will ne'er come again.
Oh! be swift with deeds of kindness,
And lavish with words of love;
For short are the days before us,
Our friendly meanings to prove.

Oh, hasten with cheerful greetings,
Give some one a word of praise;
It may brighten a day that is gloomy
From their skies it may settle the haze.

Tell lightly some merry story,
In whose joke there shall be no sting,
To the friend who is blue and tired,
To their face the sunshine to bring.

Withhold not the kiss of affection,
Kisses cost nothing you know;
Yet caresses and loving hand clasps
Of lighten a load of woe.

Be swift with sweet song and laughter,
But slow with the words of blame,
For like the archer's sped arrow
They can ne'er be reclaimed again.

Yes, be swift with kisses and kindness,
To-morrow will never be ours—
Don't begin "too late" to be loving,
Nor to scatter your smiles and flowers.

Gather the sunshine to-day, dears,
That gleameth about your way,
Be swift to share it with others—
"To-morrow" will soon be "to-day."
—Addie Kendall Mason.

A PECULIAR BUGGY.

One day half a dozen years ago I was coming down on a train from Winnipeg, in the Queen's dominions, to Dakota. It was a freight train of forty or fifty empty boxcars with a red caboose on the back end for the few passengers. The engineer was a wild, reckless fellow, who had, I think, been drinking, and sometimes he spurted the train up to between nine and ten miles per hour. The time table called for only six, but this dare-devil made it average fully seven. He didn't altogether forget those things which were behind and press forward, however, because once between siding No. 46 and Big Portage he happened to drop his pipe out of his mouth while he had his head out of the cab window and actually stopped and backed that long train for fully three-quarters of a mile looking for it. The conductor and brakeman hung off the steps of the caboose and helped in the search. I put my head out of the caboose window, and looked too, picturing a great white meerschaum pipe lying on the ground like a block of sea foam, with just a rich autumn amber tint on the bowl. When the conductor picked it up I noticed that it was clay and had a stem two inches long. The engineer when he took it admitted it wasn't worth much, but he said it was one that Billy Higgins, of Q'Appelle, had given him, and he didn't want to lose it. He started to tell how Billy happened to make him the present, but the conductor said that he had promised his wife to be home early that night and reckoned we had better shake along. So the engineer went forward and we shook.

I went back and climbed up in the "pilot house" of the caboose where I had secured a seat by bribing one of the brakemen with a noxious cigar. This gave a fine view of the country. You could see fifteen miles to any of the thirty-two points of the compass, perhaps further. The country was as flat as a Congressional debate—it was in the valley of the Red River of the North. A long, lank man with thin hair and hollow cheeks came and climbed up in the cupola with me and helped me abuse the scenery. He had a wandering eye and abstracted air and said he had been up to Winnipeg to sell some real estate and now was, as he expressed it, on his way back to God's country. Most of the various articles of clothing he wore were too large for him, though some were too small. He indulged in great bits of dark, forbidding-looking tobacco and had a solemn half-defeated expression.

"Colonel," he said, with an inflection which told that he addressed every man he met by that title, "Colonel, what shall we do to pass away the time? I never play keards with strangers on a train," he added with, it seemed to me, unnecessary haste.

I didn't know of anything to do, except abuse the country.

"I know what," he went on; "lets each of us tell a story."

"All right," I replied.

"It's a go then," he said; "what's your story 'bout?"

"My story is about a man," I replied unblushingly, "who owned a cow that had only one horn, and that wasn't much of a horn, you know. It's mostly about the cow."

I added desperately, wondering what I could possibly tell about a cow that had only one horn and that not really all a horn should be.

"Sounds first-rate," he replied. Bet two dollars, 'n' a half it'll be a thundering good story. Mine is only jess 'bout a shindig—jess that took his girl to a shindig—jess that scrub every day story. Blaze away with your cow yarn."

"Couldn't think of it, sir couldn't think of it for a moment. You go ahead first—I want to hear all about the feller who took his girl to a shindig."

"Well," he replied slowly, and I thought he looked even more solemn than before, "all right—I'll do it—though I'm somewhat anxious to know about the cow. Which horn was it that was gone?—no matter though—I'll know when you tell it. The feller I was speaking of come down to a little town where I uster live, in Minnesota and started a newspaper. It was an awful weak paper and he was a fool. He was little and had red eyes, and went round with his head up like a balky cow with a board over her face, and he knew nothing anyway. He didn't know how to run a live newspaper. I built a new henhouse—one that jess made the hens open their mouths and cackle when they seen it—but he never said a word about it in his paper. He didn't seem to have the ability to discuss public questions like this at all."

"Well, one night there was a shindig out of town about a mile, at Old Man Plummer's place. It was a big 'un—they had three fiddlers an' the organ they borrowed from the Methodist church. Of course this 'ere—Charlie Higgins—that was his name—this 'ere editor, of course Charlie must go. He couldn't see a henhouse, but he could a shindig. He blowed about it in his paper beforehand too, and called it a hop, which prejudiced some agin it too, if he had only known it. Well, he went out some six or seven miles on Gopher Prairie and got Old Hoss Perkins' darter to take to his hop as he called it. She wasn't no calter, sickly specimen—she could 'preerate the good pints of a henhouse as far as she could see it. They got to the Old Man's 'bout dark, jess as the head fiddler was tuning up."

"Well, the night wore on, which remark I once read, and everything was all O. K. The dancin' was kep' up lively an' everybody had a good time. Charlie, the feller I'm talking 'bout, brought the girl to the blowout in one of these 'ere one-hoss buggies that has powerful small wheels in front an' powerful big ones behind. Well, 'long 'bout midnight, mebbey a little past, when it was dark as a string o' black cats, 'bout twelve or mebbey some past, I don't know exactly some of the boys went out to this 'ere buggy, kinder, an' sorter walked around it, an' talked a little, an' said it looked like rain, an' sized up the buggy, an' by-an-by sorter somehow changed the wheels on the blamed thing—put the behind ones forward, an' forward ones behind, you see. The boys done it, you know, for sort of a joke I reckon. Mebbey they wanted a man what couldn't see a henhouse to see if a henhouse would catch onto a buggy with its front 'rared up 'n the air like a treadmill. It made a powerful funny-looking buggy of it—'peared to be built some like a buffer—high in front and low behind. I never seen such a high shouldered buggy before nor since. It looked 'sif it had its for'ard feet up 'n the manger reachin' over into the oat bin."

"Well, the night wore some more, till 1 o'clock, when Charlie, this 'ere youth what thought he could run a paper, said he guessed they better go home. So he hitched up, an' Old Hoss darter put on her dry goods—her wraps an' fixin's an' went out an' got in the buggy with Charlie. Still dark's the inside of a cow—no moon for a month, an' the stars all clouded under. 'There's something wrong with this 'ere buggy,' says Old Hoss's girl. 'No, nothing the matter,' says Charlie, 'we're just goin' up hill, that's all, an' then they both leaned for'ard to keep from fallin' over backwards."

"The girl still thought there was somethin' out o' whack with the conveyance, an' said she al-lowed she'd have to tie a flatiron to her feet to keep from goin' out behind. 'Don't git excited,' says Charlie, 'we're jess goin' up old Dad Hawkins' hill.' So they kep' pokin' 'long, pokin' 'long, an' Charlie 'lowed he'd get out and walk if the hill got much steeper. So they leaned for'ards, an' part o' the time hung onto the dashboard with their hands if they did struck a little hill, an' kep' snailin' 'long, snailin' 'long. A good deal of the time they stopped to let the hoss catch his breath, it bein' such a powerful long hill, an' then they'd sit there quiet as a pot o' paint, an' think. By-an-by the girl began to get spunky. 'I've travelled

this 'ere road before,' she said, an' I never seen no such a monstrous hill! On that's all right; that's all right,' says Charlie, 'we're now goin' up old Pap Nell's hill.' 'But where is the holler between old Dad Hawkins hill an' old Pap Nell's hill?' says Jule—her name was Jule. 'I 'low as how the road commissioners must a' filled it up an' made one long hill,' says Charlie. So they leaned for'ards an' kep' a moseyin' 'long slow, an' lettin' the hoss rest so he wouldn't be tired out but when they got to the top o' the hill, an' still it was dark as the inside of an infidel. Mebbey half a hour they didn't say nothin', 'an' then says Charlie: 'Jule,' says he, 'this 'ere's to be a somewhat lengthy hill—seems 'sif 'a' lengthened it out.' That's what he said, atmospheric infloence. They poked a couple of miles fuder, all the time easy on the hoss. Then says Jule: 'We must be on the wrong road,' says she. 'You can't fool me Mr. Higgins.' 'Mebby we be,' says Charlie. 'I recked we might be off to the right.' So they jaggod to the right, an' went a mile, still up hill. Then they jaggod to the left, still hilly. Then they jaggod in all directions, and purty soon, after going straight up a long, steep hill for two miles, they turned 'squad' round an' started back, but they still had to hang on to the dashboard to keep from falling out behind. 'Well, smitten Caesar!' yelled Charlie, 'if this ain't the blindest country I ever got into!' an' then he hit the old hoss a welt with the end of the lines. 'I reckon we'll git out o' this somehow, if we kill a hoss!' An' then they went tearin' round on that prairie with the hoss on the dead run, and Charlie a-yellin', 'Sufferin' Washington!' howls Charlie, 'it's all hill, no matter where we go, but I'll get out of it or bust!' Then he swung the lines some more, an' Jule hung on to the dashboard and had the histories. They kep' a goin' for pretty near an hour, Charlie gitin' madder 'n madder, an' Charlie happened to look at the wheels. There to each side of him, as he hung onto the dash-board, them hind wheels was a loomin' up, each like the fly wheel on a saw-mill engine. Then he stopped the hoss an' wilted. Jule seen the wheels, too, but she didn't wilt. 'Well, I kinder keep this thing quiet,' says Charlie; 'we won't mention it to nobody—mum's the word.' 'Yes, we will,' says Jule, a-risin' up an' climbin' out; 'yes, we'll keep it quiet, you low-down, deceitful man. We'll hush it up, we will—p'raps! Haul me all over the prairie in such a lookin' thing' will you, an' tell me we are goin' up a hill! Good-by, sir, our paths kinder seprate an' lay apart at this pint!' an' she struck off across the country, ten miles, for home, an' left Charlie a-thinkin', not loud but deep. He didn't know how to fix the wheels, of course, so he came into town with them as they was in about two hours, still thinkin' quiet, but powerful deep down. I thought mebbey he might see my henhouse when he drove along down street, but he didn't."

Fred H. Carruth.

Summer School for Sunday School Teachers.

Arrangements for the summer school for Sunday school teachers to be conducted by the Maine State Sunday School Association are now completed. Special rates have been arranged with the railway and steamboat lines. The exercises promise to be of great interest. Already a large number of people are at Northport and others are arriving daily. Special services will be held on Sunday, the 31st, and the regular studies of the school will begin on Monday morning at 9.30. All Sunday school and day school teachers are invited to attend; all mothers and guardians of children who can do so, should attend the afternoon studies of "Child Life," which will be led by Prof. St. John of the Bible Normal College, at Springfield, Mass.

There is no charge for tuition, and the rates of traveling and board are such as to attract all who want a pleasant and healthful vacation combined with real helpfulness in the spiritual life and methods of work. The steamboat fare from Portland and return is \$2.00, Bangor and return, \$1.00. The railroad fare from Augusta and return is \$2.70; Brunswick and return, \$1.00; Waterville and return, \$2.25 and other places in proportion. Write at once to the Gen. Sec., Mr. Geo. H. Archibald, Northport Campground, Maine, for full traveling directions and rates of board.

HELP WANTED
Male or Female.
Can be quickly secured by an Ad in the Bethel News. If you can't come in, use the mails.

J. R. Libby & Co.

"Sugaring-off"

The maple-sugar maker celebrates his sweet-sugar-gathering by a "GRAND-JUBILEE--SUGARING-OFF."

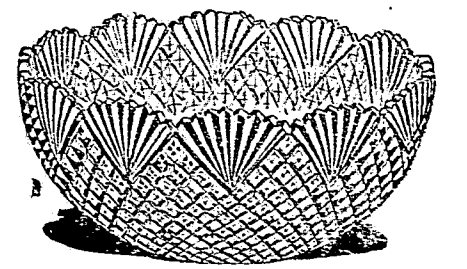
The sugar-maker is a good enough fellow to imitate.

We'll "Sugar-off" the season's business by offering some sweet bargains in goods appropriate to the season.

Don't scold the careless cook for smashing the glass ware. You can replace it for 9c as good as she broke.

Perhaps newer patterns, and thicker glass.

You'll find these glass dishes on our 9 cent counter to-day and evening.



Berry Dishes 7 and 8 inches across the top, shaped like above cut, but newer patterns.

Footed Cake Salver,

Footed Berry or Fruit Dishes,

Butter Dish with cover,

Sugar Dish with cover,

Celery Tray—Celery Holder,

Celery Tray—Spoon Tray,

Blown Glass Water Bottle,

Blown Glass Finger Bowl,

Glass Pitchers, hold 3 pints,

Molasses (Syrup) Pitcher,

Lemon Extractor, with Saucer,

and many 19c and 25c Glass Dishes. See them in our Congress St. window.

Your choice of the above at 9c

UNDERVESTS. For Women—Jersey knit. High neck and short sleeves, also half round low neck, sleeveless.

Crochet

Lace at

neck with

tape run

in, like

cut. Price

is always

12 1/2c. Now

at

GLOVES, Importers' and Manufacturers' Sample Gloves. Lisle, Taffeta and Silk. White, black and colored, at Half price and less. 30c kind at 17c 50c kind at 25c

HOSE, Boys' Stout Ribbed, 12 1/2c

Women's Black drop stitch, 16c (The 30c kind)

Women's Fancy German Hose, 25c

(The 50c ones)

Men's Balbriggan Shirts and Drawers.

50c FOR Extra fine 40 gauge

25c. Balbriggan Under-shirts and Drawers

for men. Shirts have French neck, deep cuffs, pearl buttons.

Drawers have deep waistband, 3 buttons, Deep ankle cuff—See window show. 50 cent garments—at

25c

Sizes of Shirts from 34 to 44. Sizes of Drawers from 30 to 42.

J. R. LIBBY CO., PORTLAND, ME.

Pillsbury's BEST
USE
Pillsbury's Best
IS THE BEST
BREAD-MAKING
will be crowned with SUCCESS.

Fruit and Berries

AT
R. E. L. FARWELL'S.

Main Street.

Headache bad? Get Dr. Miles' Pain Killer.

Weakness easily cured by Dr. Miles' Nerve Tonic.

ACID and RHEUMATISM relieved by Dr. Miles' Nerve Tonic.

Backache relieved by Dr. Miles' Nerve Tonic.

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WEDNESDAY, JULY 27, 1898.

Coming Events.
July 28-Aug. 11-School of Methods, Fryeburg.
Aug. 2-20- Chautauqui Assembly, Fryeburg.
Sept. 7-9-State convention, Epworth League, Northport.
Sept. 6-9-Maine State Agricultural Fair, Lewiston.
Sept. 13-15-Riverside Park Association, Bethel.
Sept. 20-22-Oxford County Fair, Norway.

LOCAL NEWS.

Dog days.
W. A. Bunting was in town Friday.

Miss Cora Bean has returned to Hanover.

Mrs. Elizabeth Bunting of Gilead, is in town.

Mr. F. E. Hanscom is spending a few days in town.

Mrs. Leslie Mason has returned to her home in Woodford.

Mrs. Ed Arno is visiting friends in Gorham and Milan, N. H.

Mrs. Nathan Bean is entertaining her nieces from Massachusetts.

Miss Maenetta Littlehale of Newry, was in town, Tuesday.

New chairs have been added to the gallery of the Congregational church.

Harry Mason has arrived at home after a trip of several months in Europe.

Miss Ethel Hammons is at Portland, where she is studying to be a trained nurse.

Miss Harriet Knight of Boston, is the guest of her sister, Mrs. Herbert Lord.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard Coburn are receiving congratulations upon the arrival of a little son.

Mrs. Arthur Bunting returned to Gilead, Monday, after a few days visit with her parents.

Gilman Chapman who has a situation at Colebrook, N. H., is enjoying a vacation at home.

Miss Edith Watson who is sick at the home of W. E. Abbott, is thought to be improving.

Farm Produce taken in exchange for groceries at Deering's, under Public Library, Bethel.

Mr. Sewell Chapman of Waterford has been visiting his sister, Mrs. Ebenezer Richardson.

Mrs. J. B. Sanderson of Medway, Mass., is visiting her son, G. E. Sanderson at Middle Intervale.

Miss Mattie Hersey of West Hartford, Conn., is spending a few weeks with Mrs. F. S. Chandler.

Rev. Arthur Varley is moving into the house on Park street, recently occupied by Rev. Israel Jordan.

Parties from Bryant Pond were arranged before Justice Grover last Thursday for assault, but for lack of convictive evidence was acquitted.

Mr. J. W. Bennett and family accompanied by Mr. Joseph Harris and wife of Portland, drove to Bethel from Gilead, Monday, to call upon friends.

Several severe thunder storms have visited us with in the past week. They were welcome as no damage was done while the crops were in great need of the rain.

We are indebted to A. W. Grover for a box of the handsome raspberries it has been our privilege to see; moreover if possible they taste better than they look.

We extend thanks to Col. C. S. Edwards for a copy of "Maine at the battle of Gettysburg," a new book just from the press; a copy of this work must be of great interest to every survivor of the battle.

Henry H. Hastings, son of St. John Hastings of Bethel, a graduate of Bowdoin college, and a teacher for several years at Pawtucket, R. I., is studying law at the office of Judge Foster. He has pursued the study of law for two years past in Rhode Island.

Growing Stronger

Cold Settled on the Lungs and Caused a Serious Cough—Hood's Sarsaparilla Cured.

"A severe cold settled on my lungs. I began to cough and kept growing worse all the time. My husband was paying out a great deal of money for medicine, but I continued to grow weaker every day, and in the winter of 1896 I gave up all hopes of ever getting better. After taking Hood's Sarsaparilla and my husband advised me to try this medicine. I purchased three bottles and began taking it. Before I had finished the first bottle I saw that I was growing stronger and my cough was lessening. I continued taking Hood's and I am now in better health than I have been for years." MARY A. SARRIN, LaGrange, Maine.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the One True Blood Purifier. All druggists have it. It is the best after-dinner pill, aids digestion, etc.

STATE NEWS.

J. N. Marshall's store situated at East Bradford, was destroyed by fire about 9 o'clock, Saturday evening, by a lamp exploding in the post office which was in the end of the store. The upper part was used by them as a dwelling house. Mr. Marshall's sister and children escaped in their night clothing. His mother who was sick in bed escaped with a sheet wrapped around her and was helped to a neighbor's near by. Nothing was saved from the house, store or post office. This makes the second time Mr. Marshall has been burned out in seven months.

Lucian Rackliffe, a little son of B. W. Rackliffe, of Allen's Mills, fell from the end window of his father's barn, Sunday forenoon, striking upon his head. The distance must have been nearly ten feet. Although he was severely shaken up, no serious injuries were sustained.

At the recent pay day in Chickamauga it took \$38,500 to pay off the Maine regiment. Each private got \$30.68.

Poland Springs begins the season with 100 more guests than at the corresponding date, last year. They are coming in perfect droves.

The 7-year-old grandchild of H. H. Quint of Hodgdon, fell into a well one day last week and was drowned, the body not being discovered until some one went to draw a bucket of water.

The Maine hospital fund now amounts to \$1500, and is steadily increasing.

The present total strength of the army, regular and volunteer is 227,000.

At the Portland recruiting office they lack only half a dozen or so of having their quota filled. At Augusta there is room for over 30 more. The recruits naturally seek the batteries now.

Among the cities of the United States Honolulu will be one of the first favorites as both a winter and summer resort. The thermometer there is noted for its moderate range and uniformity.

Monday afternoon while Orville, son of A. L. Carr of Sanguerville, was playing among the ruins of the Leighton house, which was destroyed by fire in the morning, he stepped into a pool of water, which with the hot ashes had concentrated into a strong lye which scalded his feet and legs half way up to his knees in a horrible manner. Without any assistance he pulled off his shoes and stockings and walked to his home about a quarter of a mile, notwithstanding the severe pain he was suffering. Not being able to find anyone in the house he went across the street to his grandmother's, Mrs. F. S. Carr, and finding the house deserted there he found a box of salve and proceeded to dress his wounds alone. When his grandmother came home and found the condition he was in, she sent for his father, when they took him to his home and applied the necessary remedies to the wounds. Although only about 12 years of age he showed the pluck of a person twice his age.

Farmer Campbell, of the Maine Insane Hospital, has harvested almost three hundred tons of fine hay and will round out another hundred before he finishes Saturday night. On Monday, he put in sixty-four tons of as good hay as was ever housed, one load weighing 4360.

Bates college is enriched by a bequest of \$5000 from the estate of the late Frances E. Webber of Boston. One-half the interest upon the sum is to be used annually for a scholarship, and the other half is to be placed at compound interest as a permanent fund for the college.

Nearly 60,000 of the 75,000 volunteers asked for by the President in his second call for troops have been recruited, and most of them have been mustered into the service. Of the number already recruited under the second call 30,000 have been assigned to regiments now in the field. A few less than 29,000 have been recruited for new organizations. Some of these organizations have been mustered into service, but a few of them yet lack the required number of men. Adjutant General Corbin hopes to have the details of the second call entirely cleared up by the first of August.

The Oxford county W. C. T. U. held its annual convention in Gardiner chapel, Tuesday, July 26. The following officers were elected: President, Mrs. Martha B. Chapman, Bethel. Vice Pres. at large, Western Division, Mrs. Ellen Pierce, East Hiram. Eastern Division, Mrs. Annie Cross, Bethel. Corresponding Secretary, Miss Jennie B. Kimball, E. Hiram. Recording Secretary, Mrs. Emma W. Chandler, Bethel. Treasurer, Mrs. Fannie Clifford, Hiram. Report of convention next week.

WAR NOTES.

The latest war notes read as follows:

Spain has sued for peace formally and directly to Pres. McKinley through the French ambassador. Secretary Alger states that there will at present be no change in the plan of the campaign and the war will go forward with vigor.

The U. S. military expedition under Gen. Miles landed successfully on the south shore of Porto Rico, July 25 after a skirmish with a detachment of the Spanish troops and a crew of thirty belong to the U. S. gunboat Gloucester. There are 500 new cases of fever at Santiago.

Lieut. Hobson arrived in Boston, July 26, on business connected with raising the wrecks of the Spanish war ships at Santiago.

Moving Forward from Chickamauga.

Chickamauga Park, July 26.—

The third brigade, first division, first corps, are now loading at Rossville station and leave this afternoon for Newport News.

This brigade is commanded by Brigadier General Fred A. Grant and is composed of the first Kentucky, third Kentucky and fifth Illinois.

The brigade will be accompanied by the third battalion of the 16th Pennsylvania which arrived after the departure of the regiment for Porto Rico.

With the exception of the regiments which go out to-day, all commands are hard at work drilling. Major Shunk, chief engineer of the second division, first corps, is now lecturing the commissioned and non-commissioned officers on the part of constructing hasty field fortifications. At the Chickamauga post station branch over 130,000 letters are handled each day.—Portland Press.

Cure for Fault-finding.

While pages have been written in condemnation of the fault-finder, too little is generally said of the causes that bring too often into existence, such an unpleasant and thoroughly reprehensible failing. The fault-finding woman is an exceedingly disagreeable person, but she is often less to be condemned than the person around her whom she has learned from experience, will shirk every responsibility and duty to which they are not goaded. This goading gradually becomes a habit, and the innocent and guilty too often suffer from the effect of the faded temper of a nervous, overworked woman. There are scolds who have no possible excuse for their peevishness, who neither work with hand nor brain and occupy their time chiefly in fretting, but these are exceptions. The fault-finding woman usually is a hard-working woman among drudges and naturally feels the injustice of her position. The persons who have become accustomed to see her do the drudgery of the work, are quite likely to murmur if their ease is disturbed by the complaint of an over-worked woman. The only remedy for such cases as these is to divide work so equally that there shall be no over-worked women, and there will be no excuse for scolding from this cause. Mothers are often at fault in assuming the entire burden of the work without allowing their daughters to soil their fingers in drudgery, forgetting that the command is given to their children as well as to themselves: "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with all thy might," and that they are shutting out from their children the very discipline that Providence sent for their good. For a mother to assume burdens which are more than the strength of one person can endure and which are sure to break her down in nerves and wear out in temper and body, is to afflict double injuries on her family and on herself. Because some are strong to bear such burdens and remain gentle in spirit and healthy in body, it is no reason why they should do so.

A Bag Full of Children.

You know that your mother loves you, and that old puss, who is purring on the rug, loves the kittens that play about her, but who would suppose that the mamma spider would love her little ones? She does, though.

Yet, if you turn up the cloth of earth in one of the garden beds you will often find a small, common spider, who carries a tiny silken bag or sack. In this she keeps her eggs, hugging them about with her wherever she goes, guarding it as a treasure, and never parting with it until driven to do so by force greater than her own. If attacked by any other insect, she will give her life to save her precious nursery; when the young spiders are hatched, they find their way out of the bag by a hole (made by the mother) and cling in clusters to her side and back, or even her legs, and are thus nursed, guarded, and fed until they have cast their first skin, and are able to care for themselves.

No motherly hen over guards her little feathered brood of chicks with greater or more loving care than the tiny spider shows in watching over her large family of fifty or sixty, or it may be, a hundred children.

A spider has been known, in very hard times of famine, to kill and eat her own elderly and near relations, but in defense of her own offspring she will readily endanger her own life.

Our Young Readers.

How To Be Happy.

Are you almost disgusted With life, little man?

I will tell you a wonderful trick That will bring you contentment If anything can—

Do something for somebody, quick! Do something for somebody, quick!

Are you awfully tired With play, little girl?

Wearily, discouraged, and sick? I'll tell you the loveliest Game in the world—

Do something for somebody, quick! Do something for somebody, quick!

Though it rains like the rain Of the flood, little man,

And the clouds are forbidden and thick, You can make the sunshine

In your soul, little man— Do something for somebody, quick! Do something for somebody, quick!

Though the skies are like brass Overhead, little girl,

And the walk like a well-heated brick; And are easily affixed

In a terrible whip? Do something for somebody, quick! Do something for somebody, quick!

It was a lovely lily, every one said so. One tall, slender stem, crowned by three of the most perfect white blossoms.

Mrs. Elwyn was very proud of it. "I think that if it does not take a prize at the flower show, Thomas, it will at least be highly commended," she said to her gardener one morning.

Jack stood by his mother's side listening. He reached out his chubby hand and clasped it about the lily's stem.

"Don't touch it my boy," said his mother, quickly; "it is very tender, and a rough pull would tear it off."

Three days passed away. It was the evening before the flower show and Jack was in the garden all by himself. "I will just go and look at the lily," he thought. It had now come to perfection; never were such huge, snow-white petals seen before. As the little boy looked, a great wish seized him to draw it closer. He clasped his fingers about the pale green stock and drew it toward him. Ah! it was almost on a level with his face, when crack went the slender stem, and the beautiful, proud lily could hold its head erect no longer. The little boy's face went crimson, and tears rushed into his great honest blue eyes.

"Run away, run away, before anyone sees you," something whispered. "Mother will think a dog came into the garden and brushed past it."

"No, no, no, for it would not be true!" cried little Jack, and he ran in doors as fast as his short, sturdy legs would carry him.

Mother looked up with a smile as he entered the room. Then she held out her arms and said: "Come here and tell me what is the matter, sonny."

"O mother, mother!" sobbed the little boy, with his curly head on her shoulder. "I have been very—very—n-n-naughty; I touched the lily, and it is broken. O mother, please forgive me; but punish me first—whip me hard, if you like."

Mother smiled. It was such an absurd ending to the speech, and she never had whipped Jack in all the five years of his life. "There, there, darling," she said, patting his curly head; "let us go and look at the lily. Perhaps it is not so bad after all."

Nor was it. The stem had snapped just in the right place, mother said, exactly where she had intended to cut it.

And, O joy! The lily took the prize at the flower show after all. But mother said, as she kissed Jack's little sunshiny face the night after the flower show, there was something she valued more than the prize, and that was a little son who was brave enough to speak the truth.—Selected.

THE BETHEL NEWS.

BOTH ONE YEAR FOR \$1.50.

Send all orders to THE NEWS, BETHEL, ME.

Old Eyes Made New

By the use of carefully fitted glasses.

My success is not due to guess work, but to careful attention to every detail of the work. I fit the frames to the face as carefully as the lens to the eye, and am always ready to refund the money if the glasses are not satisfactory.

If your eyes trouble you, why not have them examined Free of Charge?

Edward King,

Jeweler and Optician.

School Excuses.

The following tales out of school are told by a teacher:

A boy about ten years old, who had been absent about two weeks, brought me the following:

John Henry had a soar tow allso a soar throte and a soar finger. Please excuse.

A girl about fourteen, whose mother affected a degree of culture and great mental superiority over her neighbors, brought me the following note:

Dear Sir: I trust you will pardon Alcioue's wholly unavoidable absence yesterday. Circumstances are not always controllable by our finite minds as you are no doubt aware. We are all subject to im-

mutable laws, and are constantly doing what we would not—alas! Therefore, Alcioue's unavoidable failure to attend yesterday's session. I trust I may not soon have to indite a similar unexpected circumstance. Believe me to be Yours truly and respectfully, Anasvasia C. H.

Simpler and more directly to the point was the excuse brought me by a tow-headed little girl of about eight years, whose fond mother wrote:

Phoebe could not be there or she would of went. I think she of too much of sossage for breakfast. She shart of do it agen. Please excuse her.

A boy of sixteen, who came very irregularly, always brought this excuse from his father:

Excuzooz Bill.

That was all there was of it; but as I knew it came from his father, I always "excuzooz Bill" accordingly.

\$100 Reward, \$100.

The reader of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient new strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers, that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials. 8-12 in

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Pine Tree Linen at Hall's drug store.

California fruits of all kinds, canned and fresh, at Deering's.

When you want footwear come to us. We carry Ladies' Boots and Shoes

in B, C, D, E, EE & W widths Men's 4, 5, 6, 7 & 9 wide.

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WAR WITH SPAIN.

Reliable War News IN THE GREAT

Rational Family Newspaper

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GRAND TRAINS

Island Port, Gorham, Gilead, West Bethel, Bethel, Locke's, Bryant, South Paris, Portland.

It has been July 3rd, will be run Islands, 11 Beach, also run begins points to a run and the last year's special. No effect for 1 m. return at 3:30 p.m. Hands leaving Fare from

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A. W. GR

Cole Block

DR. J. G.

Office at 70

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